

## THE MORNING ASTORIAN

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Official paper of Clatsop county and the City of Astoria.

### WEATHER.

Oregon, Washington and Idaho  
Fair.

### THE PEACE OF NATIONS.

Now that the incredible genius of the peoples of the earth have wrought almost everything that can be turned to the comfort, convenience and happiness of mankind, it is within the purview of the logical destiny of man, that the era of universal peace should be ushered in, to stay.

We need the blessing of universal peace to create a base upon which all the good things of life, above referred to, shall be better and more widely distributed and applied. As things stand now there is a carking realization that the good things of life are illy, unwisely, and most unfairly allotted, and hence, the dissatisfaction that calls for the peace conferences all over the world.

If the great convention at the Hague can but round up the nations and commit them to the policy of amnesty and forbearance and quietude, we of the several countries will see to it that peace prevails at home, after the sitting at the Dutch capital, if we have to kill a few hundred thousand of our own fool fellows to accomplish it.

We are for peace at any cost; and it generally costs more than any other commodity, only we don't realize what we are paying for it all the time. Just imagine the calm and rattle-less existence that will ensue when we disband our armies and navies; throw our prison doors wide open; turn our gun-factories into gymnasiums and our courts are abandoned to the pacific tenancies of the educators, and kindergarten; chuck our six-shooters and rifles and shot-guns into the abyssal slough of forgotten wrongs, take up our peace-pipes and admit no arguments to supervene! Then will we know what light taxation means, and knowing will make it lighter. The vista that is opened up by this dream of "the peace of the nations," is rosy and romantic enough to inspire another "Don Quixote," with the tale reversed, and quicken the possibilities of an abandoned grave-yard. Peace! We'll have it if we have to set the world ablaze with mortal horrors, for centuries to come, and prove our faith by dying in pursuit of it.

### LOCAL TRANSPORTATION.

Astoria really needs more local transportation lines; lines that will open up and popularize whole sections of suburban territory; and she is going to have them. There is not enough room for expansion on the north side of her hills, and there is a wonderful abundance over the brow of them to the south; magnificent sites and ample space for a city twice the size of this that fronts her northern bay-side. There is no expedient to compare with a real, well-equipped, well-bolstered, electric line that touches the limits of the idle and splendid properties that are out-flanked by the existing conditions and areas of population.

From the crown of the hills that form the back-bone of this peninsula, to the margin of Young's Bay and Young's River, there is one of the finest realms of home-land, awaiting exploitation, that ever laid out of doors

and every inch of it is going to be needed in the near future, for there is practical congestion on this side of the crown-line.

We hope to see some practical steps taken in this direction at an early day, and that when it is broached in public places it will receive the sanction and open endorsement of all Astorians. We are not caring a fig who does the exploiting so long as it is honestly meant and honestly done. This is not written in behalf of any project, known, or unknown, but in the interest of a stretch of municipal territory for too long neglected and wholly deserving of recognition, and which must, sooner or later, serve as the immediate reserve for the people's side of the city domain on the bank of the Columbia.

### THE DISMAL EARTHQUAKE.

The people dwelling beyond the latitude of the earthquake belt, for the most part, do not know what of horror and dread they escape. They simply cannot even approximate it by thought or imagination. It is one of those inconceivable things that baffle all ideas of sensation, save in the dreadful realization itself. It is unspeakably frightening and sickening, and the utter exclusion of all signs of its coming, the fearful suddenness and unexpectedness of it, when it does come, is among its chiefest terrors. We, of the north, count ourselves outside the limits of the effected area, and we are, so far as history of seismic visitation has any bearing on the matter, but that does not exempt us, though it minimizes the chance of our being involved. The day may come, and at any time, when the whole course of the earthquake-path may change and sweep our way.

An the frequency with which the tremors are attacking the various points of the earth, are significant of the tremendous and the widespread agitation within the hidden mass of unknowable subterranean agencies that create the awful destruction at the surface of the world's crusts. We may well take deep and endless interest in the sufferings wrought by these visitants and give of our best and richest means in mitigation of the woes thus brought to pass, for the day may dawn for us when we, too, shall crave the same generous measure of sympathy and aid, now so often demanded of us.

### EDITORIAL SALAD.

When a New York poolroom does a business of eight million dollars a year it can no longer be classed as an infant industry entitled to protection—not even police protection.

The Arkansas legislature has passed a bill prohibiting all speculation in futures, but the state cannot conceal her terrible past.

When the matter is viewed dispassionately it must be conceded that the president is a bit of a politician himself and appreciates the value of a sensation.

The clergymen are so busy marrying people in New York they don't have time any more to tell us how wicked we are.

Mr. Belmont predicts a check to our industrial prosperity. The panic foreseen is the trouble that never comes.

If they insist on opening the presidential campaign now why not have the election, too, and get it over with.

A subscriber asks, "What are the streets for?" Why, to dump things into, of course. Can't you see.

No attempt will be made for a few days at least to hand the president a lemon.

### Whooping Cough.

I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family in cases of whooping cough, and want to tell you that it is the best medicine I have ever used.—W. F. Gaston, Posco, Ga. This remedy is safe and sure. For sale by Frank Hart and Leading Druggists.

### A Woman Tells How to Relieve Rheumatic Pains.

I have been a great sufferer from the dreadful disease, rheumatism, for a number of years. I have tried many medicines but never got much relief from any of them until two years ago, when I bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. I found relief before I had used all of one bottle, but kept on applying it and soon felt like a different woman. Through my advice many of my friends have tried it and can tell you how wonderfully it has worked.—Mrs. Sarah A. Cole, 140 S. New St., Dover, Del. Chamberlain's Pain Balm is a liniment. The relief from pain which it affords is alone worth many times the cost. It makes rest and sleep possible. For sale by Frank Hart and all leading druggists.

### NEW YORK BY NIGHT.

The Spectacle of Its Lights From  
Rivers and Harbor.

By whatever route you reach or leave Manhattan Island in the evening the river lights are beautiful. On the North river the spectacle varies according to the hour and season, for the downtown lights in Manhattan are more numerous when the days are short and the tenants of the great office buildings have to light up to finish their day's work. Across from the lower Jersey ferries late in the afternoon of a winter day glow and sparkle the great company of tall shafts grouped against the sky, each one pierced to the top with regular rows of shining windows. A memorable sight they make, those shafts and huge blocks of gleaming holes, reaching far above their neighbors that come between them and the river. There is much in that spectacle to recompense a tired man for being a commuter, and nowhere else on earth is there the like of it.

And, besides the tall shafts and the intervening lower lights and the glow of the streets that run to the river and border it, there are all the river lights—the ferryboats, with their long rows of bright windows, hurrying on their various courses; the sound steamers going out, other steamers coming in; all manner of lights more sober on all manner of shipping; the street glare and the ferry house and wharf lights ashore, and, higher up, here and there the obtrusive and commercial but none the less radiant advertising signs.

The downtown office building lights go out early, most of them, but up the river some of the tall uptown hotels continue, all the evening and in spite of curtained windows, to be light-houses.

On the East river, besides the city lights and the river lights, are the high, curving bridges, very striking and beautiful, with their unobstructed outlines marked by the glow of the electric bulbs.

There is poetry in these river lights, bordered and framed by the dark shining water and reflected in it.—E. S. Martin in Harper's.

### SALT RIVER.

It is a Real Stream, Although Not a  
Navigable One.

Salt river, sacred to defeated candidates, is a real stream. While not navigable, it is used every winter as an ice harbor by the towboats which go out of Pittsburgh for the south.

Salt river empties into the Ohio above twenty-five miles south of Louisville. It is a small stream, which flows from the Kentucky hills to the great water, and is as tortuous, as crooked and as unpleasant to navigate as the mind can imagine. Yet it is navigated for a short distance from its mouth by steamers of light draft. Flatboats and rafts are floated down upon its bosom. Before the civil war it was an important stream in the matter of bringing Kentucky whisky down in the flatboats to a point where they could be unloaded to a river steamer. Refractory slaves were generally assigned to the task of bringing these boats down, as the work was arduous.

Salt river became a bugaboo among the negroes, and it was from the unpleasant character of the work on this river that "a trip up Salt river" came to be used in politics to express the destination of a defeated candidate.

There is not a river captain or pilot in Pittsburgh who does not know Salt river, and there are few who have not sought shelter within its mouth when the ice was running out of the Ohio.

The salt name is supposed to have come from the salt springs which flow into it at its source. It is also said the name grew out of the fact that great quantities of salt produced in the Kentucky country are floated down this stream.—Fuel.

### A Dramatic Death.

A sergeant major of an infantry regiment stationed in Bremen was sentenced to a slight disciplinary punishment for having mortally wounded a man with a revolver in the course of a fight. He appealed against this, but was informed that his appeal had been rejected. He then ordered his men to load their rifles with blank cartridges, but during their absence reloaded them with ball cartridges. He then drew up his men in firing line and carefully showed them how to aim their rifles straight at his heart. With the utmost calm he then ordered, "Fire!" and fell with four bullets through his heart.

### To Be Re-filled.

In one of the suburbs of a big city is the site of a well known school of theology, from which go out each week end many members of the senior class to try their voices as "suppliants."

A passenger on a Monday morning train was surprised at the number of men who got off at that station.

"Who are all those chaps getting off here?" he asked the brakeman.

"Them?" asked the brakeman. "Oh, they're returned empties for the college!"—Youth's Companion.

### Easy.

Teacher—Now, boys, what is the virtue of magnanimity? Pupils—Aw? Teacher—What is it if a big boy wanted an apple very badly and were to meet a small boy with one in a place where nobody could take the small boy's part—Class (with eager illumination)—Dat's a cinch!—Baltimore American.

### A Discarded Jack.

"Jack," said the one in chiffon, "proposed to me last night." The one in gauze smiled. "He doesn't do it at all well, does he, dear?" she said.—Chicago News.

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